

Dead Prez Lyrics

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This is Ime Oulu reporting for the Information Age, Global Hood News Report

In women's beauty and cosmetic news, not to be taken lightly, the rise in medical malpraxis and white market
body injection, instances continue

Scientists have also found the culprit in the newest cases of head cancer have been linked to the glue used in
the ever popular lace front wig

Also in sports, as a closing note to the Olympic propaganda charade

Salute to the amazing African tracking field athletes

Some of who are forced to run under a colonial flag

Congratulations Mo Farad, a Somalian who's gold was stolen once again by Great Britain

This Ime Oulu along with 90 Seas Way Informer and this is the Global Hood News

Where there's health neglect there's no self-respect

But what else you expect? Look how they dealt the death

We inherited stress, had to bury our best

Martin, Malcolm X, bullet holes in they chest

We adapt to the struggle, only way we survive

Eating scraps from the table but it kept us alive

Making something from nothing, still we hope for the best

Making miracles happen, daily coping with less

Scar string will ban 'em

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Raised in the ghetto, singing songs – called survival

But eating soul food to have you dead on arrival

Hand on the rifle, other hand on the bible

Strong as an ox but look at what you put inside you

We resemble your things, do the silliest things

No better than you better cause that's what experience brings

Break out of jail but can you break out a fascicle cell?

We say we living well, but we living in hell

We already been to the other side

We ain't turning back, now we choose a lie

To really get by this, and that ain't right

We feel it inside, it's time to fight

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To really get by this, and that ain't right

We feel it inside, it's time to fight

We glues to the TV screen commercials in-between

Crack Donalds, Murda King

What happened to eat your greens?

Eatin some or anything, abusing Mary Jane
Chinese chicken wings, everyday hood thing
5 hour energy, red bull and Hennessey
Head bobbin bot the organs full of toxicity
Pack a cool menthol, nicotine pick fall
They have the nerve to put cool on the pack so they can trick y'all
Slave to the Dutch master, colon cancer victim
Tell you want a package but we still blame the system
No squares in my circle, screw all that sippin purple
I'm tryina live to my potential, age is just a number
A G preserve his temple, a G control his temper
No discipline, you slippin, no toxins in my kitchen
Slavery is over cousin, but then at lunch it wasn't
If food is the last plantation then I'm Harriet Tubman
Advocating colonics, saving my lungs from chronic
But you can't free a slave unless he knows he's in bondage
(You wanna get freaky? Let's go)
You can't free a slave unless he knows he's in bondage